

# THE NEWS-HERALD.

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## GERMANY.

### This Time as Seen from a Trip Down the Rhine.

### The Birthplace of the Demingus of the Moral World.

### A Steamboat Voyage—Legends—Fair Bingen—Germania Monument—Dannecker's Ariadne, and Jotta and Her Lover.

BINGEN, August 11.

Editor News-Herald:—"Ever-memorable Mayence!—memorable alike for freedom and for song—within those walls how often woke the gallant music of the troubadour; and how often beside that river did the heart of the maiden tremble to the lay! Within those walls stood Walpden first broached the great scheme of the Hanseatic league; and more than all, O memorable Mayence, thou canst claim the first invention of the mightiest engine of human intellect—the great lever of power—the Demingus of the moral world—the press! Here, too, lives the maligned hero of the greatest drama of modern genius, the traditional Faust, illustrating in himself the fate of his successors in dispensing knowledge—held a monster for his wisdom, and consigned to the penalties of hell as a recompense for the benefits he had conferred on earth."

Mayence, as already indicated, is the beginning—if going down, the end if going up—of the "Rhine trip." An illustrated map shows the large curves of the river, the cities and villages, the castles, and the immediate vicinity of each shore between Mayence and Cologne. Besides the line of steamers—clean, well-appointed, spacious vessels for river steamers—which run on the Rhine, there is a railway on either side, and in close proximity a fine pike. Learning from "brother bicyclers" that the pike from Mayence to Bingen was across an elbow of country leaving the Rhine far to the right, and that not only was it away from any desirable scenery, but over very hilly country in addition, we followed their advice and took one of the steamers next morning for "Fair Bingen." The rapidity with which the steamer ploughs through the water is amazing. Before you have time to locate village or castle or mountain they are out of sight behind you. Down the Ohio or Missouri or the Mississippi, or any other European river, such haste would be pardonable; but this, the Rhine, the most famous in the world, by bicycle, by carriage, by foot, the end is too quickly reached. "O the pride of the German heart is this noble river! And right it is, for of all the rivers of this beautiful earth, there is none so beautiful as this. There is hardly a league of its whole course, from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland, which boasts not its peculiar charms. By heavens! If I were a German I would be proud of it, too; and of the clustering grapes that hang about its temples, as it reels onward through vineyards in a triumphant march, like Bacchus crowned and drunken. But" (longfellow continues) "I will not attempt to describe the Rhine, for to do it well one should write like a god, and his language flow onward royally with breaks and dashes like the waters of that royal river, and antique, quaint and Gothic times be reflected in it."

In an hour we are hurried, without a stop, over a distance of twenty miles; by islands that, at first a speck dividing the river into two, gradually grow to great banks of green, covered with graceful willows and poplars, obscuring the scenery on the right or left, owing to the side we take; by mountains, almost every top of which is capped with castle ruins. This short voyage is just the reverse of a sea-voyage: because, instead of turning our eyes inward—looking at the vessel and studying our fellow-passengers—we are scanning the shores through field-glasses. We are not entirely among strangers, for the first person, or couple, we meet is a young physician and his wife who spent the summer at Heidelberg. I remember (to sketch a little of human nature) this young man as one whenever there were any sights to be seen, with his eyes wide open, most of the rest of the time they were shut. I also remember him as not knowing enough of the German language to keep him awake during a lecture, yet on one occasion when I gave him a Sunday edition of the *Commercial Gazette*, which, as the reader well knows, is more or less profusely illustrated, on beholding a wood-cut, ejaculated, "Oh, a Bild!" (In German all nouns or substantives begin with capitals) then apologized by saying that he was unconsciously mingling his German and English. I afterward learned from one that knew him well, that in the locality in which he had practiced the people concluded that he was not as competent as his opponent, and that he was now traveling with the view of locating in another town with olat, and perhaps where he had a brother or cousin a reporter on a weekly paper. But such impostors are not so quickly recognized by the public as they are by the profession, and here they are scarce (a trip to Philadelphia or New York is glory enough for the ordinary doctor), but that they exist at all "more is the pity."

I apprehend that this letter without a legend would be like Carlyle's poet without

humor—only half of one. It may be that I will not use legend-language if by so doing I must have the heroine blushing so readily and yielding to caresses so easily; meeting a knight, falling in love with him the next instant, and fleeing with him the next; I hope I will not; but if I did not, where would be the legend, or any resemblance? Mayence has only two legends, and one must understand in the beginning that to have a legend a castle is not necessary, neither a town nor even a house; only the shadow of an excuse and an imaginative brain, which oft-times is the apology for the lack of truth. Under these circumstances the same town, after an elapse of five hundred years, with a population of 60,000, and only the usual number who have little or no regard for truth, would have legends numbering in the thousands. However, there is some truth in the following, be it leavened ever so lightly. The first is short and spicy, and is peculiar in that it is the brief record of a mutual admiration society, of which a "professor of minstrelsy" forms the party of the first part, and all the women and girls of Mayence the party of the second part. He (of the first part) seemed to be a wholesome admirer of "female beauty and loveliness," and further, did not hesitate to express himself to that effect in "minstrelsy." They (of the second part) were highly pleased with such expressions, and as soon as the "professor" died, took occasion to exhibit it by assembling in mourning dresses, and eight of the greatest beauty bearing the coffin on their shoulders to the cathedral. After the benediction the young ladies strewed the tomb with roses, and poured precious wine out of golden goblets into it, finally "dispensing in sadness."

The above is an average legend except for its brevity. The novelty of it does not depend on the truth there is in it; still, if half of it is true, that is enough on which to hinge a speculation of the rest. That the "professor" really lived and acted as reported, I surely believe. I have seen all other kinds of professors, and sometimes thought the title-giver was long hair, a greasy hat and a coat to match it; moreover I would not be surprised at anything they did. And if he lived, it is quite natural to suppose that, afflicted as he died; but that, in this case, at that date, or even at the present time, there is any foundation for the second half I am sure do not believe. Had that part been enacted in the United States, in a certain sense, few objections could have been found. I have seen symptoms of affection here, but they were shown toward the living; but I have never seen more than one carriage at a funeral, and not even a King's body escapes the decision of the physician concerning it, but law compels compliance on the part of the relatives. Outside of America I was going to say I have never heard of such post mortem infatuation. There, in truth, I have known the living body to be shamelessly forgotten, and left to the care or neglect of entire strangers until the vital spark had fled, and then a clamor and an outcry that the four winds could not dispel. But such only occurs among the poor and uneducated—poor because uneducated if for no other reason, and their eyes will never trace these lines.

We have already passed Johannisburg, given by Napoleon to his marshal in 1805; and Gelsenheim (a "helm" of the 15th century), where we could, with the aid of glasses, distinguish the figures in the stained-glass windows of the handsome Gothic church; and Rudelsheim, from which the ascent to the Niederwald is made, and now have landed at Bingen, which lies vis-a-vis the national monument "Germania," and in the corner of an angle bounded by the Rhine on one side and the Nahe River on the other. As we approached, it gave the impression, with its numerous tile roofs, of the back of a huge alligator on a Florida shore, scaly, lazy and half asleep in the sun. We take a walk through the town, and can realize something of the feelings of the stranger-soldier who, as the poem says,

"lay dying at Bingen, Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

The motionless atmosphere is oppressive, and in search for better, we climb the castle ruins where Henry IV. was imprisoned in 1105. From this slight eminence we have a limited view of the two rivers and another glimpse of the alligator's back. Out in the middle of the Rhine we see on an island a town, and as it is yet early, conclude to visit on our way to the "Germania." Taking a last deep breath of pure air that its memory, if no more, may remain with us, we rush through the parched streets to the water's edge, and engage a man to row us over. We had been disappointed heretofore in not finding even a nucleus from which might be developed Irving's beautiful Spectro Bridegroom, and to be compelled to listen to a legend about a "Mouse-tower," and eighteen stanzas of jingling rhyme was testing human nature. Yet as we walk around the ruins and through the arches, over piles of stone, we wonder if an archbishop ever "did keep a well-filled barn locked up during a famine, and by his good living and plenty, excite the starving people to revolt, and then give orders to shut them up in a barn and set fire to it," and then if he were "diabolical enough to compare their lamentations to the squeaking of mice," and if so, if "nause pursued him to this tower and destroyed him." Or if he was, as history

relates, a learned, cunning, unscrupulous prelate whom all hated, and instead of the tradition being an actual fact, at least that part relating to his death, a devoutly-wished-for one. Here, again, novelty is more or less disseminated by the practical use of the tower as a signal station to prevent the collision of ships in the "Bingen Loch"—a whirl caused by rocks in the Rhine.

But we continue our ride to Rudesheim, take the train for the top of the mountain, and a few steps brings us to the Germania Monument, erected as a memorial of the successful war against France in 1870. It was commenced in 1877, and completed in 1883. The impression created by this monument and its surroundings while on the steamer was not a favorable one by any means. In the first place it is not situated on the summit of the mountain, but on a jutting plateau about three-fourths of the distance up the slope. The mountain rising above it and covered with a seraglio looking forest detracts from the effect of the monument, as least as to its size. Again, the yellow soil about its base has not had time evidently to become solid, and it now looks like some clay hills I have elsewhere seen when they only suggested a brick-yard or perfect barrenness. All this is happily dispelled on closer inspection. The forest developed into a beautiful grove with graced walks and rustic seats; the clay hill is the wide walks of yellow gravel and new masonry, and the statue itself towers fifty or sixty feet above you. It consists of a stone pedestal and massive stone pillar, with four pieces of bronze statuary and three scenes in the same, let into the stone, on the face and two sides, resembling the frieze in architecture. The crowning and main piece of the monument represents a woman with the deities of a female Hercules, and looks as if she were ready to achieve a victory instead of just having gained one over the French. I have seen no face that has so impressed me since I saw Dannecker's Ariadne at Frankfurt. This must not be taken as a reflection on the beauty of the women here, because it would be unjust; but rather due to the combined effect of art and circumstances. Yet two faces could scarcely be more unlike, and indeed there is little else that would justify a comparison. Whoever has visited Frankfurt knows the powerlessness of words to describe this piece of statuary. It is the greatest attraction there and gives Bethmann Museum its enviable reputation. After looking at the plaster copies in the anteroom, the originals of which are at Rome, we enter a room about twenty feet square, in company with a half dozen other Americans, the heavy curtains are closed behind us, and we behold in the center of the room beyond the railing, Ariadne and the Panther, once the pride of Dannecker's heart. Does any one criticize him for adoring her? As well might they censure a man for loving his wife. If either have faults, they are the product of frail human nature, and as much the husbands in the one case as Dannecker's in the other; not that the conception in the latter's mind was imperfect, or that the husband who coveted an angel married a mortal. The ideals in both cases, were, we will say, faultless, and did the husband really love, eight years would pass just as quickly as it did with Dannecker, and bring the same happiness. The attendant speaks of her as he would of a human being, and as he turns the platform that we may see from every side, watches her with jealous eye, and the visitors as if he feared some one of us possessed the power of changing her into a fairy and stealing her. The room has no side windows, all the light comes through a sky-light and then through a dark red curtain; therefore, the light through which we view her is as mellow and rich as any sunset, and produces a picture of wondrous, indescribable fascination, and one which we take delight in recalling.

The Germania statue, which is perhaps fifteen feet high, stands looking toward France. She wears no head-dress, and her luxuriant hair hangs in rich tresses, and mingles with the no less rich folds of her dress. She wears a breast-plate of armor, but her neck, shoulders and arms are uncovered, except the corner of a cloak which falls gracefully over the right arm, which is outstretched and bears a crown. The right hand grasps the hilt of a sword, the point of which rests near her foot. In front, on either corner and on a lower level, is a bronze statue, one the goddess of peace, the other the god of war. In front, on a still lower level, is a beautiful maiden ministering to an old man. The scenes, I have compared to friezes, represent—the one in front, Emperor Wilhelm and his staff; on the right one part represents a husband parting from his wife and children; another, a father parting from his son, and the last, a lover parting from his sweetheart. On the left is depicted the joyful return of husband, father and lover after the end of the victorious struggle. Above these representations are the names of the towns where battles were fought. On a stone, which is neither a part of the pedestal nor pillar, but placed in the stone wall dividing the two courts or walks which are on different levels, are cut a few sentences, extracts from the Emperor's speech at the dedication and referring to the meaning and purpose of the monument.

After dinner we will endeavor to run

(Continued on eighth page.)

## HIGHLAND BOY

### Again on Deck at Delaware University.

### Incidents Connected with His Journey Thither.

### Vacation—More Poetry—Relic Room—The Old Farmer—That Nephew and the Ball-Dog Story.

DELAWARE, O., September 21st, 1886.

EDITOR NEWS-HERALD:—Again I find myself in the beautiful little city of Delaware after spending a vacation of three months among the hills and in the golden grain fields and verdant meadows of "Old Highland." It is very doubtful, Mr. Editor, whether either you or your many readers can realize the buoyancy and exuberance of a fellow's spirits when he is turned loose for a vacation of twelve weeks, after having been pouring over the dusty Greek, Latin, German, mathematical and historical textbooks for thirty-six long weeks. You certainly cannot fully understand how buoyant his spirits are and how light-hearted and free he feels unless you have been let loose from school under the above circumstances. To say he feels like kicking up his heels and turning somersets and hand springs over everything he comes to, is putting it very mildly. Then, in his thoughtful mood, what genuine pleasure he has in planning his visit to grandma's, uncles, aunts and numberless cousins; besides visits and calls upon innumerable friends. Among the latter of which, would, of course, be included an indefinite number of calls upon his "best girl," as "Knight of the Grip" would put it. To be sure, it is not the intention to spend the whole vacation visiting; and, accordingly, work enough for a year is laid off and the whole of it neatly done, (in his mind), without soiling his clothes in the least.

With so much to occupy the time, no wonder that twelve weeks would seem like twelve days or even that thirty-six weeks would seem like so many days. While looking over the register in the "Relic Room" in Columbus the other day, I came across two short poems that so nearly expressed my sentiments that I jotted them down in my note book. By a remarkable coincidence they were written by a student of the Ohio Wesleyan University. The first was written after school closed last June and the second a few days ago, it seems, as was on his way back to Delaware. They are given below in the order in which they were written.

"Tempus fugit," said the poet of Rome. But when I say the same don't call it a poem; Nothing is truer to a boy in school, If he improves his time and don't act a fool.

To me, it seemed the days fairly flew, As soon as I entered the O. W. U. So then went right on, Foot of Rome, I know 'Time flies' for 'I'm going home'!"

"Vacation is over! To more than one boy, The days since last June, Have been fraught with joy.

However pleasant the voyage may be, The sailor cannot stay always at sea; However joyous vacation may seem It ends to the school-boy, except in his dreams.

Dear friends and vacation, It is 'good-bye' to you; Again I am off For the O. W. U."

Speaking of the "Relic Room" reminds me what a grand place it is to spend an afternoon. In the shape of relics there is anything and everything from a ramrod (long since converted into a bucket-bale) that did duty in the battle of Bunker Hill to a coffee-pot that did duty three years in the late "unpleasantness." "Grandma's spinning-wheel, 1770" will be seen the first thing to the right as you enter the door. Beside the table on which the spinning-wheel is placed, stands Gov. Tiffin's "old arm chair" in which he sat more than eighty years ago, as the first Governor of Ohio, and puzzled his brain over the gubernatorial cares of the then infant, Buckeye State. Across the room stands Governor Tiffin's desk with the visitors register lying open upon it and inviting you to walk over, register your name and address, and under the heading of "remarks," write "on a morning walk," "first visit to the Capitol," "an excellent collection," or "on our wedding trip," just as the case may be or as you see fit. Now that you have registered it would be well enough to go back to the "old arm chair" and look at things as they come in regular order around the room. I know you will not fail to see those flags, stained with the life-blood of some "boy in blue" or some "boy in gray." You will see the "Big Sandy" knife taken by the brave Garfield and the swords and muskets taken at Vicksburg and Fort Donelson by "unconditional-surrender" Grant. Sheridan's saddle will, doubtless, call to your mind Sheridan's famous ride, immortalized by T. B. Read's poem over which so many school boys have tried to grow eloquent, yet signally failed. When you have gone around the room you have seen nearly all the different kinds of "shootin' irons" and "weapons fur cuttin' and slashin'" that have been in use from 1770 to 1886. But you have not seen half the curiosities to be seen until you have scrutinized the contents of four or five cases in the center of the room. Here is one containing every im-

aginable trinket or trophy that could be picked up on a battle field, around a camp or in a prison pen. It even contains the scalp of a Digger Indian taken by a Delaware called "Fall Leaf." Over there stands another containing relics from China, Japan and the East Indies. Back yonder in the rear end of the room is one containing relics, it would seem, of all the Mound Builders that ever were under the sun. Over at this side are two; one containing money, the other newspapers. If you love to look at old coins, foreign or domestic and antique paper currency, you can do so to your heart's content. But we haven't time to read more than the head-lines in one or two of the papers. My eye falls upon one and I read, "THE NEW ENGLAND WEEKLY JOURNAL, CONTAINING THE MOST REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1728." For fear I shall get left by the train I will only read the head-lines of one more—that one up in the corner of the case. With some difficulty I decipher the following:—THE OHIO PATRIOT, Vol. I, No. IV, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1809. Motto: "Ubi libertas, ibi patria." As I said, that is all I have time to read, so I break for the train musing "Ubi libertas, ibi patria." "Where liberty is, there is my country." But my meditations are disturbed by the jostling and bumping of the street car over the crossings and as I tenaciously stick to my text and again say to myself half aloud, "Ubi libertas, ibi patria," the jolting car seems to shriek, "Precinct A, Fourth Ward, Cincinnati," and the indistinct cry of the newsboy in the distance sounds like "Coal oil"—and believe it or not, just as you like—from the hall of a glee club hard by, comes the gentle refrain of "old man Payne." That is too much and so I postpone my patriotic cogitations until a more opportune season.

Arriving at the depot I found that the train was twenty minutes behind time, and as I was forty minutes ahead of time, I had an hour that I hardly knew what to do with. Having my note-book handy, I took the opportunity to jot down a few items, the greater part of which have been already related. Then I fell in conversation with a lady who seemed to have finished her last novel, and had become tired of reading. My conjectures were quite right, and I soon learned she had been on the road twenty-four hours to travel a distance that would have required but six hours with good connections. Her train came at last. Having seen her and her baggage safely on board the train, I was again at a loss for somebody to talk to. Keeping a look-out for some one who had a "gift of the gab," I soon spied an old farmer whom I thought was my man. I was not mistaken, and before five minutes had elapsed I knew his name and he knew mine, and our acquaintance progressed rapidly as he learned I was well acquainted with one of his intimate friends. I was soon informed that instead of waiting to leave on the next train, he was waiting to meet his sister whom he expected on that train. His son had gone away on the train the evening before. How glad he was that John had not waited for the morning train, as it was two hours late instead of but one; and besides, John was going away to get married, and intended to bring his bride home that very day. It seemed to me very fortunate indeed, for I couldn't see how on earth any fellow who was going away to get a wife could wait two mortal hours on a train. Next, educational matters came up, as I had incidentally remarked I was going away to school. That reminded him of a nephew he had who was going off to college, and as he gave the name of the institution, I told him I had visited it less than a year ago, and thought it a good college, though not as good as the one I attended, where they have co-education. "Well, now, didn't you hear of a fellow by the name of Smith who is an awful jumper?" "Come to think about it I did hear of a fellow they said was a great jumper, but it doesn't seem to me that his name was Smith." "Oh, yes, it was; fur it couldn't be any other. That boy could out-jump anything there with his hands tied behind him." I had to give it up, and concluded that my treacherous memory had been at fault. But that nephew was not only a jumper and an athlete, but he was a scholar as well. "Why, they couldn't give him a sum in nothin' but what he'd work it right out and give 'em a rule fur it."

"But you was speakin' of co-education." "Well, yes, I prefer going to that kind of a school." "Now you're talkin' sense. I wouldn't send a boy of mine to no other kind of a school; fur any boy that has the least bit of respect fur himself is bound to behave before ladies, and it'll tone him up an' make a gentleman of him." "Now you're talkin' sense." I put in, as my friend continued, "Now here is this college close to my town, where they don't have nothin' but boys, and honestly, the young rascals are into more devilment than I reckon you could scare up any place else out of hades—stealin' chickens, robbin' orchards, and what not?" The old gentleman in his enthusiasm put it a trifle less scripturally than I give it above, but the reader will excuse me for using the revised version this time.

Just at this moment my train came puffing up, and instead of saying "fifteen minutes for lunch," the conductor jumped all aboard on the platform and called out, "All aboard!" Giving my newly-found friend a hearty hand-shake, and saying I was sorry the train came so soon (which

I meant from the bottom of my heart), I sprang aboard. As the train pulled out my friend said, "I'm most awful sorry you couldn't stay and go down with me to dinner. I was just going to tell you 'bout them fellers stealin' my chickens.'" "So am I, for I would like to hear about the scrape," I called to him, "but I must submit to the 'powers that be.'" As I put my head out of the car window a gentle breeze wafted to my ears, "Bull dogs chased one of 'em up." "Had to carry home the pieces." "Got well." "Come back one night pizened."—"Ticket, please," said the conductor, gently tapping me on the shoulder. As I fumbled for my ticket I mentally ran over those last fragmentary sentences, beginning with "bull dogs," and ending with "pizened." Then putting both ends together, I had the whole story in a nut-shell. "Pizened bull dogs," said I, as I handed my ticket to the now impatient conductor. "No dogs allowed on this train," he growled, looking sharply at the value at my feet as if he expected to see the "pizened bull dogs" issue from it. "Excuse me, I believe I was thinking aloud," I timidly replied on hearing his gruff remark apparently addressed to me. "You said 'pizened bull dogs,' and from the way you were hanging out of that window I would judge you were thinking of part with your sweetheart," he returned. Kind reader, you can imagine the scene was becoming interesting to the passengers sitting near. I confess it was becoming intensely so to me. I was both mortified at myself and a little bit angry with the conductor. I knew it would be of no use to tell him I was leaning out of the window to hear what some old farmer had to say, for either the conductor or some passenger would say, "oh, rats!" So looking at him as sternly as I could, I said, "Sir, I have no dog, not even a Poodle. I have given you my ticket. Is there anything else required on this road?" He was non-plused, and after a moment's hesitation replied there was not, and passed on. The excitement among the passengers gradually subsided, but I felt that many eyes were turned upon me until I got off that train. In due time I was set down in Delaware right side up with care.

Well, Mr. Editor, this article is already long, and I fear I have quite forgotten to take H. L. G.'s plan and put some fillin' in it. For fear it will find its way to the waste-basket anyhow, I will close with a promise to remember the fillin' next time, and tell you something about Delaware and the O. W. U. boys and girls.

Yours truly,  
HIGHLAND BOY.

A sale of over 20,000 autographs, portraits and engravings is to take place in New York next month.

**The Voice of the People.**  
The people, as a whole, seldom make mistakes, and the unanimous voice of praise which comes from those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, fully justifies the claims of the proprietors of this great medicine. Indeed, those very claims are based entirely on what the people say. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for them. Read the abundant evidence of its curative powers, and give it a fair, honest trial.

**ELMVILLE.**  
September 25th, 1886.  
"Bah" for Mr. Tappan for State School Commissioner. School began last Monday, with "Banny" Keeler as teacher.

L. E. Countyman, who has been sojourning in Van Wert county for some weeks, is again at the scenes of his childhood.

Mr. M. A. Stille had a field of wheat this year, the yield of which was extraordinary for this country—twenty-eight bushels to the acre.

Two and a half miles of the Middle Fork free turnpike No. 64, is about completed, and the farmers of this little valley begin to feel as if they lived in another age.

Some of our farmers worked on the pike this summer, to the neglect of their cornfields, and now they wade through the weeds up to their shoulders cut out the spindling stalks with knives "on 'em."

Life will acquire new zest, and cheerfulness return, if you will impart your liver and kidneys to the performance of their functions. Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm will stimulate them to healthful action. \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co.

**MARRIED.**  
OWENS—EMERY—At the residence of the officiating justice of the peace, O. D. McKim, in New Market, O., Mr. William Owens and Miss Lillie Emery, both of Highland county, O.

The quality of the blood depends much upon good or bad digestion and assimilation; to make the blood rich in life and health-giving constituents, use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier; it will nourish the properties of the blood from which the elements of vitality are drawn. \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co.

**HILLSBORO MARKETS.**  
Corrected Weekly by H. Roads & Co., Wholesale and Retail Grocers.  
HILLSBORO, Monday, Sept. 27.  
BUYING PRICES.

Wheat, bushel	75c	75
Corn	25c	25
Oats	20c	20
Flour, city	20c	20
Corn meal, bushel	45c	50
New Potatoes	20c	25
White Beans, bushel	12c	13
Butter	12c	13
Eggs, dozen	12c	13
Discard Beans, bushel	12c	13
"Sides"	7c	8
"Shoulders"	7c	8
Lard	7c	7 1/2
Hay, ton	7 1/2	8 00

RETAIL PRICES.

Sugar, N. O., pound	6c	6 1/2
Coffee	12c	13
Kr. C. Sugar	6c	6 1/2
A. Sugar	7c	7 1/2
Granulated Sugar	8c	8 1/2
Cut Leaf and Powdered Sugar	8c	8 1/2
Salt, Kasota and Ohio, bushel	1 00	1 05
Tea, Imperial, Y. H. and G. F.	40c	45
"Black"	30c	35
Cheese, factory	12c	13
Flour, good family brands, cwt.	2 50	2 60
"Black"	2 40	2 50
Molasses, N. O., gallon	25c	26
"Sorghum"	25c	26
Golden Syrup	40c	45
Coal Oil	12c	13
Salt, Kasota and Ohio, bushel	1 00	1 05
Hams, city sugar cured, pound	14c	15

LIVE STOCK.

Beaves, cwt. gross	2 50	3 00
Beaves, shipping	4 00	4 50
Sheep and Lambs, per cwt.	5 00	5 50
Hog, cwt. gross	6 00	6 50
Stock Hogs, gross	4 00	4 50
Milk Cows, with calves	30 00	35 00

## BRUTUS

### With Another Paper on the Labor Question.

### Railroad Corporations as Blessings and Otherwise.

Railroad corporations are the monster before which even standard oil pales in insignificance. Railroads might be fitly termed the sinews that bind our nation together, not only physically but socially. No single business enterprise requires a tithe of physical power of man or a higher order of brain force to insure success, and in no business is labor and capital farther apart, and at the same time more dependent on each other. Take any of our great lines of railroad, and how many of the employees, from the humble Irishman or German wielding the pick or the spade, tunneling under the mountains, the engineer who lays it off, the mechanics in the car shops, the section hands, the freeman and engineer, the conductor, the switch-tender, the train dispatcher, the master-mechanic. In short, any one of all the vast army of the employees of any great line of railroad, and how many of them have one dollar of stock, or any direct interest, farther than a salaried employee. On the other hand, how many of the stockholders or owners of railroad lines furnish even the brain power to operate the same. Probably one master spirit stands at the head, and his success depends on his selection of competent employees under him. One class would be powerless and undone without capital and brains, while the other would be equally helpless without the strong arm and determined push of the thousands who build, equip and operate the same.

With all this mutual dependence, how many forget that any other man or class of men have any rights that they ought to respect, or interest which they ought to regard. One class makes demands and if not acceded to, resorts to the incendiary's torch, and to dynamite for the destruction of property and human life, involving the innocent, with what they consider the guilty, in one common ruin. While this is the case, is it to be wondered at, that at the other end of the line stand those who would ignore every principle of justice and use the monied power of a great corporation, not only to oppress its own employees, but any and every class of community whom their influence could reach. If this is not the case, the latter class would have to be of different material from the former. It is pleasant to note that this is the exception rather than the general rule, for thousands of miles of road have been operated for years, with millions of capital, by men who do not own one dollar of stock, without even a jar or discord.

While the law punishes the incendiary and the assassin at the one end, society has an equal right to demand protection at the other. But the danger to community in our corporations is their undying nature. The president or cashier might abscond with some of the funds, but they have no profligate sons to spend their cash, nor any probate court to take cognizance of their assets. While individual enterprise, in the accumulation of colossal fortunes, ceases with the death of the successful operator or at most lasts only for one or two generations, and the millions are scattered much quicker than they were piled up. Time only gives strength and increased vitality to corporations. Individual enterprise that would bring disaster upon its projector, when wielded by a corporation, will ultimately not only succeed financially, but be an engine of oppression to the treat mass of community.

Individuals have invested largely in the coal fields of Eastern Ohio, vainly hoping for a rapid rise on the fuel locked up in those hills by the Almighty to warm the generations for centuries to come. The rise don't come. Father soon dies, and young America soon settles the estate, so it don't materially effect the price of fuel. But to-day these giant railroad corporations are buying every foot of coal land that can be bought near their lines, and in twenty-five or fifty years hence, without government interference, every fireless and factory will feel their power. Profligate sons may sell father's stock, but it won't lessen its value, nor effect the power of the corporation.

The only safeguard for the masses is in the wise regulation, by Uncle Sam, of the powers of the corporations. We would not have him soil his garments with filthy lucre, because he has so many sons who don't regard filial honesty, but let him say thus far shalt thou come and no farther. Let him hold in one hand the scales of justice, and in the other the executioner's sword. Let not judgment be bought nor oppression go unpunished. Let him wake up to a sense of his duty, and the Western farmer's produce will not all be consumed in its transit to market, nor idleness eat its bread in the sweat of honest toil.

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